

Alloa House.

The spring time re - turns And clothes the green plains, And Alloa shines more

Lento
con
(C. Pedal fixed.)

Espressione

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round me wher - e - ver I stray: But Sandy no more re - turns to my view; No

spring time me chears no music can charm: He's gone and, I fear me, for

ever a dieu, a - dieu ev'ry pleasure this Bosom can warm.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THE spring time returns and clothes the green plains ;
 And ALLOA shines more cheerful and gay ;
 The lark tunes his throat and the neighbouring swains
 Sing merrily round me, wherever I stray :
 But SANDY no more returns to my view ;
 No spring-time me cheers, no music can charm ;
 He's gone ! and, I fear me, for ever, adieu !
 Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm !

O ALLOA HOUSE ! how much art thou chang'd !
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove !
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
 Alas ! where to please me, my SANDY once strove !
 Here, SANDY, I heard the tales that you told ;
 Here listen'd too fond, whenever you sung ;
 Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold ?
 Or foolish believ'd a false, flattering tongue ?

So spoke the fair maid ; when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress ;
 For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,
 Who heard, and, with rapture, his NELLY addrest :
 My NELLY ! my fair ! I come ; O, my love,
 No pow'r shall tear thee again from my arms,
 And, NELLY ! no more thy fond Shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love, be true ? she reply'd,
 And live I to meet my fond Shepherd the same ?
 Or dream I that SANDY will make me his bride ?
 O NELLY ! I live to find thee still kind ;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true :
 Then adieu ! to all sorrow ; what soul's so blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you ?